

Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

Why Not American Intervention?

Without doubt the great body of the inhabitants of England are opposed to the war now being waged for the extinction of the two little republics of South Africa. It is certain that the laboring classes of the United Kingdom are outraged by the invasion. But England is still a monarchy whose ruling aristocracy is controlled by a monied oligarchy. The outraged commonality of England, from whose ranks the thousands of slain victims in South Africa were drawn, are looking to the United States for intervention. Monarchies naturally support monarchies. Crowns lean upon each other. Royalty, of whatever nationality, hugs closely. By a word, without a shot, or demonstration, the United States forced Great Britain's hand from the throat of Venezuela. When America speaks crowns are promptly down. Spain in ignominiously refusing to obey the behest of this always mighty and now gigantic republic, lost half of her possessions and nearly lost her crown. America has but one duty to discharge in connection with the oligarchical raid on the Boers, and that is to demand, to command, that it cease. Such action will not cost a life nor a short more than was expended in the Venezuelan cause. As for lost love, there is no love between the British Empire and the American Republic to lose. We have whipped Great Britain too often to have won from her anything save fear and respect. If the destiny and mission of the American Republic is to give the world a higher and truer civilization, then the opportunity that the stress of the people of the two little republic is affording should not be neglected.

A New Vice Presidential Candidate.

The Kansas whose name is carried at the head of the El Dorado Republican as its editor's candidate for governor is being canvassed at Washington as a suitable running mate for President McKinley. The only opposition is based upon the supposed objection that Fred hung a couple of Filipino assassins, who had they been permitted to live and been duly conquered, would have become loyal citizens of the United States, thereby increasing the census roll by so many. Funston hasn't heard from, but we all know he has the courage of any new venture. As for the two Filipino rebels in question, they will no longer bother the Kansas brigadier, nor probably cut any particular figure in next fall's American campaign for president.

Is the Per Capita Circulation Underestimated?

Financial writers, bankers, statesmen and the treasury officials are anything but harmonious in their views of the effect that the new law will have on the volume of the country's currency, especially do the statisticians disagree as to the probable increase of the per capita, if any. The present per capita is about \$26.12, which is a record-breaking average. There are those who hold that the new law will result in adding from \$5 to \$7 to this average, which would mean a startling inflation and probably wide speculation and high prices for everything.

But the present per capita estimate is probably entirely too high. It seems to be based on the last census or upon such returns but slightly increased, by estimates. But this is at best all guesswork. The treasury and the statisticians only know the amount of money in the country, but not the number of people.

Another Reef on His Cinch.

The Leedy-Little wing of the Populist party of Kansas is a sore, if not a broken, wing. Breidenthal, whose place of residence is hard to fix, he claiming the entire state for his home, but whose hacienda was formerly Topolobampo, having formed a combination with Jerry Simpson and the otherouts, on the one side, and with the bankers and railway corporations, upon the other, seems to be corralling about all the county delegations which the Populist party has to offer, and so the dogs of Egypt have set about howling at the Pyramids again. Undismayed, and relying upon his service to the party under Leedy, and his service to his country in the Philippines, Little announces to his home county convention that he would like to be honored with an instructed delegation. Leedy says there being no show for Munger, Dennison or Ryan, and no trusting Breidenthal, the party ought to rally to the support of Little. To this Taylor Riddle responds with a hearty amen. From the indications Breidenthal might safely take an additional reef on his cinch.

Prisoners and More Prisoners.

Kruger, who threatened to shock humanity and knock the stuffing out of the pocket-books of a lot of stock-holding and bond-dealing Londoners by blowing up the Rand gold mines, seems to have changed his mind. He is now shocking that part of humanity constituting his enemies by flanking Boers and by making demonstrations along the line of railway which supplies the invaders. If he succeeds in destroying the road and then bending and twisting a few miles of the rails so as to render them worthless, Boer's army will find itself in a pretty fix, with only retreat or surrender as the two possible things. It is very hard to keep run of things for the past few days, so conflicting and unreliable is the news, but unquestionably the Boers have been taking a large number of prisoners. The Boers must now hold some 5,000 Tommy Atkins. They have captured not less than 1,800 to 2,000 men within the last ten days and in that time they have put out of action, by wounds or death, probably 200 more. At this rate they will soon have enough prisoners to balance the whole number of Boers in the hands of the British, and for every man sent to St. Helena they can put a Briton in a disagreeable place, in the interior of the Transvaal.

The Chaplain Denies the Story.

The persistent charge that Americans are demoralizing the Filipino population of Manila with whiskey, which places was being overrun with saloons, continuously patronized by Uncle Sam's soldiers and loafing natives, has met with official denial. Chaplain Charles C. Pierce says that the charge is not true either in letter or in spirit. The chaplain affirms that the American saloon is there, but that it takes the place of the more harmful Filipino "gin shack," with results that make for rigid prohibition, and that the regimental canteen is doing a great good. Tales to the contrary, emanating from irresponsible sources, for the most part, have been so harrowing and so persistent that it is feared they had foundation in plenty of facts. It is a relief

to have a contradiction from a source that is in position to be well informed and which is under the obligation of, it is to be presumed, an active conscience to tell the truth and the whole truth.

Trust Rushers Badly Bitten.

The fact that capitalists and investors have been badly bit in the rush to get into industrial combines and trusts is being made more evident every day. Overstocked concerns by scores could not redeem the promises made by their promoters. Some gigantic trusts like that of oil and steel are undoubtedly making fabulous profits, but the great majority of combines are tottering from unprofitableness. A trust to succeed must be able to limit and control the output along its line and then cut down the expense of production before its common stock can be made to pay a dividend.

The New York Journal of Commerce has presented to its readers the result of a year's experience with thirty-two industrial combinations which ordinarily would be called trusts. "In nearly every case," says the Journal of Commerce, "there was a large issue of common stock as a bonus to buyers of preferred stock; the ratio varied, but in the greater number of cases 100 shares of common stock was issued with 100 shares of preferred stock. After a lapse of a year the market value of the common stock, added to that of the preferred, would not bring the latter up to par in 13 cases; in one case it would just bring it up to par, and in 18 cases the value of the common added to the preferred would carry the latter above par to an extent which, averaging the 18, would amount to 21.14 per cent."

In a few isolated cases large profits have been made for the members of the combinations through the rise in value of their stock, but in the majority of instances the expectations entertained at the beginning have not been realized. In the majority of cases they never will be realized. The laws of trade are certain and inexorable as those of nature itself. It is impossible for men to get together and write themselves rich.

How the Don Bore Down on Him.

By whacking up fifteen per cent of the Dingley schedule the Porto Rican can, commencing with today, do business with the big and of his supposed country. The tax is not much. It is the principle of the thing. The next thing looked for may be a congressional law levying say a five per cent Dingley rate on the products of Oklahoma and of the other territories.

Speaking of taxes, the Porto Ricans know what they mean. For four hundred years Spain has reaped in wealth exacted by way of taxation from her colonies, and no colony did she ever rob more unmercifully than the island of Porto Rico. According to a report of Special Commissioner Carroll, which was made public last week, no form of property, article, or occupation escaped taxation under the Spanish system. Customs duties were levied on imports and exports, and taxes were levied on the loading and unloading of freight and the embarkation and disembarkation of passengers. Then there were heavy direct taxes. There was a territorial tax on urban and suburban property which yielded more than four hundred thousand dollars a year. There was a tax on mercantile, industrial, and banking business and upon occupations which yielded \$240,000 a year. The earnings of manufacturers and merchants and producers in general were taxed at the rate of 12½ per cent. A man earning \$5,000 a year in his business was compelled to pay \$625 a year in direct taxes, in addition to direct taxes on his real estate and personal property, as well as on his horses and other live stock.

While, therefore, it was desirable that the people of Porto Rico should have been given free trade with the United States, it is not to be doubted that they will welcome any change from the Spanish system of taxation as a measure of relief.

Why It Is Not Leap Year.

Why 1900 is not a leap year is thus explained: "Because the year is only 365 days, 5 hours and 48 minutes long, and not exactly 365 days and 6 hours. If the years were 365 days and 6 hours long there would be 24 hours extra to take care of every four years, and, therefore, every fourth year would be a leap year without exception. But the shortage of 11 minutes every year makes 4,400 minutes or 73 hours, or three days, every 400 years, so the last year in three centuries out of every four is not a leap year." The next leap year will be 1904. The last end-of-the-century leap year was 1600; the next will be 2400.

The governor of Montana absolutely refuses to call the Clark legislature together again. The state militia ought to get a whole lot of that legislature, throw it down and take its money away from it.

President McKinley could have vetoed the Porto Rican bill. But he did not. Since the time he wrote about what our plain duty was, the president's mind has changed, apparently.

The chances are that the trusts didn't care one way or the other about the Porto Rican tariff. The trusts seem able to wax fat regardless of tariffs or lack of them.

Since the war began 23,000 British have been put out of action in various ways. Defeat for the Boers is a long ways off if that rate of British loss continues.

The recent assumption on the part of congress that it can see into the future more clearly than "the mass of citizens" is exceedingly grotesque.

Dewey says that he never wanted to vote but once, and that was for Grover Cleveland. This insures Dewey Cleveland's vote when Dewey runs.

General Gatacre has been ordered home to England. Gatacre, when he got up to Roberts, couldn't show a long enough string of victories.

Before the Kansas City convention meets Bryan may see Dewey and persuade him that the vice presidency is the place for an admiral.

If time proves that it was politics and not good, plain sense behind that Porto Rican tariff, the men who voted for it will have to sweat.

A man who recently got up a revolution in Santo Domingo has been fined \$20,000 in gold. Fun in Santo Domingo costs money.

The Boers are again pounding away at Ladysmith. What do the Boers want with the old town, anyway?

In his forthcoming statement Dewey will tell just where he (and Mrs. Dewey) stands on all public questions.

Littlefield, the new man from Maine, is the kind of a fighter who fights a bill and then votes against it.

The King of Belgium has donated all his real estate to the people. The king is a dead game sport.

Macrum calls young Hay a liar. The ocean separates them, however, and no trouble is expected.

At the Charity Ball.

"Why, Mr. Browning, you at anything so gay as a charity ball?"
"And you, my dear Miss Erickson, at anything so dismal?" Mr. Browning replied.
The girl laughed and shook out the folds of her misty pink dancing skirt, with its ruffles and lace.
"Have just one dance left, a schottische. Shall it be for you?" she said.
"If you will so honor me. But as I can't dance anything but the waltz, I am going to ask you to come with me to that little alcove retreat over there, where we can talk and watch the figures."

For answer Mildred Erickson laid her gloved fingers on his arm and raised her brown eyes to his face as they walked away from the group of dancers now for the schottische.
The "little alcove retreat" was at one end of the long ball-room, and was massed with cut flowers and ferns. Mildred threw her huge bouquet of bridemaids down beside her and took up two-thirds of the divan with her full skirts. Browning sank back luxuriously in the silken cushion at her side.
"Everyone seems to be here tonight," she said.

"Yes. Even I."

"There is Maud Jones, now, in that pale blue chiffon. Do you know she is to be married next week to Jack Marshall?"

"Second? This is only her second season, isn't it?"

"Second? No, only her first," Mildred said with a laugh and shrug of her plump white shoulders.

"Her first? You are more sensible, Miss Erickson. Why, this is your tenth season. Don't you remember I was at your coming out tea?"

"Yes, and you were old, then—25; just my age now." She picked up her bouquet and buried her face in the fresh pink blossoms.

"And you were in white and carried pink roses, just like those, Mildred."

"But not so large a bunch," and she began pulling the flowers out and tearing off the petals, while Browning watched her color come and go.

"And I sent them."

"And you sent them."

Browning shifted his position slightly. "I wonder what Marshall wants to marry that little Miss Jones for?" he said.

"As she is not an heiress, he probably thinks she loves her. I hope it does not worry you, Mr. Browning."

"Not at all. I suppose you've often wondered why I've never married."

"Mildred's cheeks assumed the hue of her roses."

"Not at all. Rather, I should wonder if you did get married. I am so used to you single, you know."

"And I should wonder at it, too. I like women. They are beautiful creatures, to be admired, adored, and idealized, but kept at a distance if a man wants to retain peace of mind. Don't you think so, Miss Erickson?"

"Can Mr. Browning be wrong?"

"Thank you. Now, suppose I had married when I was 25, as you were, and I'd have a wife who never thought of me or my home, but always of her own personality and social engagements. My wife would be home to me all because I should expect things of her which she would never do."

Miss Erickson was unconsciously pulling the flowers to pieces and watching Mr. Browning with studied curiosity.

Browning continued: "As it is, I have my bachelor flat, in which I am king. My servants, whom no one ever interferes with. I go and come when I please, to the club, to the opera to dinner, or to Europe. My horses and carriages are mine, and I am never out of my mind unless I wish to make it noisy. Don't you think I am a sensible man?"

"It really had never occurred to me, Mr. Browning," Mildred said, laughing slightly.

"Of course you do. You have followed my example and remained single."

"But not alone. There is mamma and papa and Joe and the girls. Mr. Browning, O, I should not care for solitude nor enjoyment alone."

"You are not so selfish."

"No."

"What?"

"No, Mr. Browning, I am not selfish. And you would be happier if you were not."

Browning looked at her in silent amazement. Then he said:

"I suppose I have given up a lot for my selfishness. It might be nice to have a wife always waiting for me and planning little surprises for my comfort and enjoyment. If she were sweet and nice and charming, like she would be before I married her, and to always have someone to take out with me whenever I—or rather she—care to go. And to entertain my friends as some women can do. And to see great tall boys and gentle girls—my children—growing up about me. But a man must have a lot of nerve to ask a woman to give herself to him alone."

"Not necessarily," Mildred's lips were parted in a smile.

"Her freedom, her childhood home, her name, all girlish pastimes, every bit of it."

"Browning went on, answering his own question."

"She regards it all as a pleasant sacrifice. If she loves the man, Mr. Browning."

"And if she loves the man will she want to do all this for him?"

"Men are positive and women negative."

"So, you advise me to marry?"

"Then, why are you single, Mildred?"

"Oh, I am a woman," and she laughed softly.

Browning watched the gay scene of the ball-room in silence a moment. Then he said:

"Mildred, shall I tell you why I never married?"

"The girl buried her face again in the roses."

"Yes," she said.

"Because I never thought you would have me. You were so bright and gay, and ten years younger than I."

Mildred leaned forward until she felt her breath on his cheek. She spoke rapidly, for she saw Mr. Browning coming to claim a waltz.

"Shall I tell you why I never married, Paul?"

"Yes."

"Because you never asked me."

Browning sprang forward from the silken cushion and caught her hand. But she withdrew it hurriedly, and with her face all wreathed in smiles caught up her flowers and ran away.

"Come to me tomorrow afternoon at 2, Mr. Browning."

A moment later Browning saw her flitting through the steps of the stairs on the arm of George Blay—St. Louis Star.

To be Tried Again.

(From the Philadelphia Press.)
The third trial of the late Senator, who had been charged with having been a feigned innocence, nevertheless, "Hail" exclaimed the policeman, "you're around again, eh? I thought they put you away."

"No. The judge said he'd give me another trial."

"Oh, he did. Come along, then; we'll let him keep his word."

A Test of Versatility.

(From the Chicago News.)
"Is dictionary very hard work?" asked the learned burglar who was filling a magazine box.

"I should say so," answered Oom Paul, wearily. "I don't know when I've worked harder than I have in asking Great Britain for the same thing in three different languages."

Millions of tons of maize and clover are being sent to South Africa from the Argentine for the British cavalry.

Outlines of Oklahoma.

Arizona has given up hope of statehood until after the presidential election.
One man at Oklahoma City advertises his whisky as "liquid music, bottled poetry."

Sidney Clarke doesn't seem to be cutting much statehood ice down in Washington.
Woods county is funding its debt and decided to hold their week will legalize the bonds.

A Newkirk paper calls Secretary Jenkins "Man Afraid of His Voice." This is actionable.

A group of El Reno women have decided to hold prayer in the county jail every Sunday.

Ponca city will build up its burned district bigger and better. Ponca City is cheerful of energy.

Bob Neff seems to be the only Populist who has serious designs on the fusion nomination for congress.

Leslie Niblack belongs to the new golf club at Guthrie, and is getting so he can tell a "tee" from a shooting stick.

John Anderson of Lincoln county, who was sentenced to twenty-five years for killing Estes, has been taken to Lansing.

A restaurant man at Oklahoma City announces that he will not hire Union labor help, and the Union labor men are after him.

The Guthrie Capital thinks that Dewey may be shown during a campaign that he will be a hero—even to Mrs. Dewey.

It is thought the salaries of the Oklahoma judges will be increased by congress, in spite of Judge Keaton's efforts to prevent it.

Tuesday the big bell for the Catholic church at Perry was put in place and with elaborate ceremonies, Bishop Meersant blessed it.

Colonel Frank of East Newkirk, offers his township for pasture free of charge, providing owners of cows do not use his lot-stakes for pickets.

After Gen. J. B. Gordon delivered his lecture at Oklahoma City the other day, he was given a reception by the Blue and the Gray at the home of an Oklahoma City.

This argument was uproariously applauded by all the other Senators, who sat with their chairs tilted back against the wall, expectorating in the direction of the stove.

Reverend James of Kansas, who is to endow a Methodist university and hospital, will arrive in Oklahoma City April 25, to hear that city's proposition as to his aid, and so forth.

W. L. Barnum is an aspirant for county attorney at Newkirk and he should hasten to declare that he doesn't approve of what his distinguished relative said about the public.

"They will," he said, "offer to recover your hog for a ham, but the chances are you will never get the hog and will lose an extra ham besides. Notice that most of the clients of cheap lawyers are in prison."

The County Clerk Caffrey of Oklahoma City just dissatisfied by the supreme court, will be taken up in another form. Caffrey refused to extend the tax as raised by the territorial board of equalization.

The contingent of Rough Riders from Oklahoma City were out on a vaccinating trip, when they came to an old colored woman and a baby. She refused to permit the baby to be vaccinated, and put the officers to flight.

Alma's Magazine tells this story on a meeting in the Cherokee nation. Senator Bullfrog was a picturesque figure at a recent session of the Cherokee congress. His resumption on this occasion consisted of a new pink calico shirt, with no collar, navy-blue trousers, and heavy riding boots. Senator Bullfrog wore his spurs, and although he understands the English language quite as well as the whitest man in the senate, he addressed the president in the Cherokee tongue.

At intervals Senator Bullfrog paused in his speech and spat with unerring aim at the stove while an interpreter repeated his argument in English. Senator Bullfrog is something of a philosopher. A certain lawyer had offered to accept 5 per cent as a retainer for collecting a claim for the nation, and it was of this that the Senator from Geomyske district spoke. Senator Bullfrog declared that cheap lawyers were not safe.

Along the Kansas Nile.

Next Thursday has been set aside as Arbor Day by the governor of Kansas.

Governor Stanley will preach in the Congregational church at Topeka, May 6. Leavenworth has already raised \$10,000 of the \$30,000 necessary to dig a new coal mine.

According to the state report, there were no births in Ford county in the last twelve months.

Atchison just now is excited over a mysterious woman in black who prowls around at night.

Near Williamsburg, Kansas, the other day, a little girl six years of age was burned to death in a prairie fire.

The W. C. T. U. of Emporia has placarded the town offering \$25 reward for evidence of violation of the Prohibition law.

The women refuse to join the Golf club at Atchison because the initiation fee is \$5. It will be marked down to \$4.50.

The friends of George W. Glick are mentioning him as the fusion candidate against Charles Curtis in the First district.

The play "Quo Vadis" is being given in Kansas to advertise the fact that it reproduces the fight between the man and the bull.

Associate Justice Brewer of the supreme court will deliver the annual commencement address before the Law School of the Wisconsin university.

The new national committee man from Kansas will come very near being snubbed by the Hanna portion of the national committee, which is in Kansas, and thinks his turning down is unreasonable.

Mrs. Ella Christmas of Topeka, who died recently, aged 80, made in her will Reverend Embree administrator at a salary of \$250 a year. Part of the will provides for the erection of a Methodist university at Topeka.

John Seaton is in Washington, and it is reported gave a detailed report to President McKinley of how he fished Cy. Leland. He probably did nothing of the kind. The president has a refrigerated state when callers mention local rows that would freeze a flame.

Katherine Lyons, ten years old, found near a railroad track at Everest, what she thought was a tin can. She placed it on the track and hit it with a rock. It was a railroad torpedo, loaded with dynamite, and injured the little girl badly, putting out one of her eyes.

The Republican congressional committee has ordered an additional 10,000 copies of the speech of Representative Charles I. Long, of Kansas, on the Puerto Rican tariff, for distribution. Chairman Hanna recently said it was the best speech delivered on the subject in either branch of congress.

The west is different from the east. When a Methodist conference meets in a little town of 2,000 people Kansas town all the ministers are entertained at the people's homes. In Chicago at a recent conference only six families in a population of 2,000,000 would consent to take ministers into their homes during the meeting.

Governor Stanley will not observe the day of the month as garden day in the future. The rule did not work well because it was impossible to have all the cases presented on that day. Interested parties would either first one excuse and then another for not appearing on the date set, and finally the governor decided to hear parties cases whenever convenient to applicants and counsel. More than 200 applications for pardon are now on file in the governor's office.

Geo. Innes & Co.

Specials for Saturday

Perfumes

Colgate's Triple Extracts, always 25c per ounce, Saturday you can buy them for 19c.

Belts

The largest and best assortment in this section is here. There will be three lots here Saturday at 50c, 75c and 98c.

Silk Waists

This Waist section of ours is the busiest corner in the house these days. Saturday we will sell you a \$5.50 value for \$4.98.

Trimmed Hat Special

Today and tomorrow we will offer one hundred handsome Trimmed Hats; a \$4 value at \$2.99. One hundred of a \$5 value at \$2.89. One hundred of a \$6 value at \$3.87. The above are the greatest Millinery values ever placed before the public.

P. S.—Remember, the Congregational ladies will be here Saturday with cream, candy, cakes and aprons.

Sash Ribbon Sale

...Today...

At 9 o'clock this morning we will place on sale 1,000 yards of Sash Ribbon in black and colors. Plain colors and fancy printings. Gros Grains and Taffetas. Seven to ten inches wide. Very heavy and light weights. Worth 75c to \$1.25 per yard. Choose this morning.

Per Yard 49 Cents

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